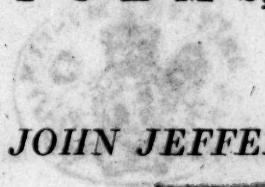


THE
PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT,
IN THREE CANTOS.

WITH OTHER

POEMS,

By JOHN JEFFERYS.



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BRISTOL:

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THE
TREASURES OF RETIREMENT

IN THREE VOLUMES



PRINTED BY
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1800

TO
MRS. JEFFERYS,

THESE

POEMS

ARE HUMBL Y INSCRIBED

BY

HER AFFECTIONATE SON,

THE AUTHOR.

TO

MRS. JEFFREYS

THREE

FORMS



THE AUTHOR

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of his friend, and shortly after suffers a similar
fate.

THE
PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

CANTO I.

On Spring's mild evening when the Western gale
Breathes a calm quiet o'er the rural vale,
When all is silent save the pipe's sweet sound
Or lonely cuckoo in the woods around,
Returns the Shepherd from his labour o'er,
And children prattle at the cottage-door ;
When Phæbus sets and when the mountain gleams
A feint-ting'd lustre from his golden beams,

Why does the hamlet far retired roll
A solemn pleasure o'er the troubled soul ?
There in her loveliest dress does Nature shine,
There dwells fair Virtue and Content divine ;
Nor does pale Vice or envious care annoy
This scene of quiet, this retreat of joy.

Go, man, with sorrow prest, and search for there
A cure for grief, a refuge from despair ;
There shalt thou dwell with sweetly temper'd Peace,
Rosy-cheek'd health, and true poetic ease :
Taste, free from passion, in the verdant glen
A bliss not frequent in the haunts of men.
An equal calm thy troubled breast shall know,
As when old Ocean from its depths below
Has roll'd huge waves, and stormy tempests pour
The foaming billows on the sea-beat shore.

But now, unruffled by the gentle breeze,
Still are the waters and serene the seas.

Grant me, propitious heav'n ! a humble cot,
Deep in the country, a sequester'd spot ;
Far from the city, and the envious croud
Of praise penurious, but of malice loud :
Let poplars, elms, and oaks, the forest's pride,
Defend my hamlet on the Northern side ;
And rising lofty from the covered plain,
Afford a refuge to the feather'd train :
There let the partridge and the pheasant shun
The dread explosion of the sportsman's gun.
All-gracious God ! let not that murderer rove
With steps unhallow'd through my sacred grove ;

Let thorns grow round, and let the timorous hare
From hounds pursuing, find a shelter there.
In murmuring streamlets let a fountain flow
Along the meadows to the woods below ;
Around my wall the pliant woodbine glide,
And form an harbour at my cottage side.
Unbar the fasten'd gates, ope thou my door
Wide to the stranger and receive the poor ;
Crown then my hopes, and make thy happy youth
Sacred to Virtue and her sister Truth !
Teach me to know thy will, oh ! teach me this
By blessing others to encrease my bliss.
What, though the dome be wanting at whose gate
In servile pomp the pamper'd menials wait !
What, though the pillar'd roof or marble pile
Does not auspicious on my dwelling smile !

Can massy plate, or rich embroider'd vest
Alter my transports or preserve me blest ?

Why does not man resort, ere life yet fades,
To verdant groves and thought-inspiring shades ?

Why seeks he not the philosophic cells
Where peace resides and meditation dwells ?

There might he learn the greatest bliss below,
To rule his passions and himself to know.

Men of the world, true reason never finds
A transient empire o'er your fickle minds ;

A dull rotundity of tasteless joys
Drowns every thought, and every sense destroys.

Go, fools insipid, ye shall never know
The heart-felt pleasures which from reason flow ;

In fashion's whirlpool join, and roll along
Amidst the vortex of the public throng.

Far wiser he, who while he till'd his land,
Saw the proud Fasces and the Lictor's band
Around his ploughshare press, to lead from home
The new Dictator of imperial Rome !
He sigh'd, and turning from ambition's charm,
" This year," said he, " will be untill'd my farm."
And now the foes o'ercome, the battle o'er,
The soldiers hasten to their native shore ;
The Chief resigns his post and hastes from Rome,
His cot to enter and to bless his home.
Around his knees his little children clung,
His wife with transport on her husband hung :
And, as she offer'd him her eldest boy,
Address the hero with a smile of joy !
" I fear'd, my Quintus, lest ambition's charms
" Might chance to keep thee from my longing arms ;

“ But now I banish hence my anxious pain,
“ And own with pleasure that my fears were vain.”
The Chief reply’d. “ The servile croud, who wait
“ To bear my mandates, and the regal state,
“ Charm not thy husband, nor the wars alarms,
“ The trumpet’s clangor, or the din of arms.
“ Let Jove bear witness from his heav’nly throne
“ The senate’s will, my country’s voice alone
“ Could prompt my soul o’er armies to preside
“ Far from my children and my much-lov’d bride.
“ Oft when to mortals midnight gave relief,
“ And all were slumbering save their watchful Chief,
“ Oft have I thought, Oh ! oft with anxious care
“ On thee, Attilia, and my children dear !
“ But now, since entered at my cottage door,
“ My joy is perfect and my bliss secure.”

An equal glory does Dentatus share,
The bravest Roman in the Samnite war.
Thrice to be Consul o'er the State he rose,
Thrice did he triumph o'er his country's foes :
As oft retiring to his calm retreat
He left ambition and her dangerous seat ;
There as the Chief in earthen vessels ate
The simple turnip and the frugal date ;
The Samnite legates with rich treasures came,
Their gifts to offer and his aid to claim.
An honest indignation o'er his cheeks
Spreads a warm blush, while thus the warrior speaks.
“ Think ye, O Samnites, I should meanly base
“ Pollute my glory and my deeds efface ;
“ Think you to make me happy, that I need
“ A gilded dome, or ornamented steed ?

- “ 'Tis by my pleasure, not the will of fate,
“ My cot is small, and unadorn'd my gate.
“ How could you falsely think that he who reigns
“ O'er hosts of Romans or embattled trains,
“ Who with an honest uncorrupted mind,
“ Gave Rome his plunder and his power resign'd ;
“ With like disgust could unconcern'd behold
“ The spoil of kingdoms or a monarch's gold ;
“ Would basely stoop and from thy hand receive
“ The paltry offers which a foe would give ;
“ Vain were your hopes, deluded legates, go
“ Hence from this cottage ; let the Samnites know,
“ Curius, though poor, with virtuous honour burns,
“ Their gifts despises and their offer spurns ;
“ Rous'd at my country's call, I leave my home,
“ Disperse whole armies and the foes o'ercome,

“ And then returning from the war's alarms,
“ Seek my lov'd cottage and my consort's arms.”

Thrice happy Rome ! had potent Cæsar view'd
Such acts with pleasure, and such steps pursued,
His lawless army on their march restrain'd,
Obey'd the senate and from arms refrain'd !
Would he had spar'd with sacrilegeous hands
To wage a warfare on his native lands !
Ah, no, he marches from the Gallic bounds
With hostile movements to attack thy grounds
And fords the Rubicon. The foe to meet
Arose great Pompey from his calm retreat,
As the grim lion in the forest deep
Ferocious rouses from a troubled sleep,
When mastiffs eager for the chace and men
Pierce the dark thickets and surround his den ;

Dreadful he roars, his eyes with fury glare,
The hound then trembles and the huntsmen fear.
The mighty Pompey to defend the coast,
Thus rose majestic, in himself an host ;
The sons of Liberty with ardour flow
Around their leader : he attacks the foe.
Mysterious heav'n ! the greatest Chief in Rome,
The trusty guardian of her laws at home,
Who once destruction from his country hurl'd
On all her foes, the master of the world
Now lies, forsaken by his numerous bands,
A lifeless corpse neglected on the sands.

To Cato next devolv'd the sacred trust,
Cato the wise, the glorious, and the just !
Whose fame, in spite of superstition's chains
Of gloomy horrors or tyrannic reigns,

Shall pass refulgent, pure, from clime to clime
In golden pages 'till the wreck of time.
He marshalls armies on the Afric coast,
King Juba aids him with a tawny host ;
But mighty Cæsar, as a torrent strong,
O'erwhelm'd his warriors and dispers'd the throng :
With speed they fly to Utica, and there
Mourn their lost country and indulge despair.
Unvanquish'd Cato dares alone to strive
To cheer their spirits and their hopes revive,
But strives in vain. Can mortal force withstand
The Fates' stern empire, or th' Almighty's hand ?
He finds at length his hopes are vain, and calls
His friends around him in the Utic walls ;
Advis'd them all to shun the victor's might,
And trust no longer to the useless fight :

These to seek pardon from the foe, and those
To weep in silence for their country's woes.

" I fear him not, said he, nor will I fly,

" I spurn the tyrant, and his threats defy !"

His friends reluctant part. The godlike man

Turn'd to young Portius, and these words began :—

" Oft have I, Portius, strove to stop the course

" Of base corruption or allay its force :

" Oft to aid virtue and the laws defend,

" The foe of tyrants, and my country's friend.

" But all was useless 'gainst the will of fate,

" A factious people, and corrupted state ;

" Yet would I not exchange my virtuous name

" For Cæsar's empire and his ill-gain'd fame.

" My friends advise me or to seek by flight,

" A dubious safety or to own his might ;

- “ But may the stormy main or yawning ground,
“ While free, receive me in its depths profound !
“ Or by great Jove may I be headlong hurl’d
“ To gulphs Tartarean and the Stygian world !
“ Ere Cato, base, to kiss that hand descends,
“ So oft made bloody by his country’s friends !
“ When Virtue strives against the bad in vain,
“ The post of honour is the rural plain :—
“ Seek then, my Portius, since our hopes are foil’d,
“ The Sabine country where thy fathers toil’d :
“ There till thy lands ; the well-till’d lands will grant
“ A bounteous produce and supply each want ;
“ Contentment flying from the gilded room,
“ Will dwell with rapture in thy humble dome :
“ Strife and Ambition shall be chac’d away
“ By Peace irradiant as the god of day.

- “ There study Nature and let learning find
“ An easy access to your generous mind,
“ Let mild philosophy your time employ,
“ And arts and science shall encrease thy joy.
“ Let brave Marcellus, and that virtuous youth
“ The son of Freedom and the friend of Truth
“ Immortal Brutus, and his faithful wife
“ Partake the blessings of thy happy life.
“ Believe me, Portius, not the croudèd court,
“ The pomp of senates or the king’s resort,
“ The croud of clients, or the marble pile ;
“ The gilded palace nor the flatterer’s smile ;
“ Bestow such blessings as await thy lot
“ If friends like these surround thy humble cot.”

He spoke, and sought his tent, prepar’d to meet

His latter moments in a calm retreat :

Reads Plato, o'er his thoughts enraptur'd fly
Where virtue triumphs in her native sky.
At length, he calls to mind the falling state,
The loss of freedom and his ill-starr'd fate ;
And, sad, despairing of his country's cause,
The dreadful poniard from its scabbard draws ;
(Where God of Justice is thy arm to save
The wrecks of freedom from the opening grave ?)
Feels the dread point, and piercing through his breast,
Sunk with his fathers to eternal rest.

But youthful Brutus to his fame succeeds,
And dwells with rapture on the stoic's deeds.
Brought up amidst the academic shades
And peaceful dwellings of th' Aonian maids,
The goddess, Liberty, had form'd his mind,
Matured his reason, and his thoughts refin'd ;

(Expell'd from Rome, she join'd her sister Truth
And dwelt, transported, with her darling youth)
And mild Philosophy, to please her, shed
A balmy influence on her hero's head.

The well-taught leader rises from the groves
To aid his country, and to Rome removes;
As the bright sun emerging from a cloud
In native dignity and lustre, proud,
Expels the darkness which o'erhung the day,
Cheers up the gloom, and drives the fog away,
Thus does the Chief in Virtue's garb array'd,
Emerge, refulgent, from the rural shade.

Ambitious Cæsar fortify'd his throne
With force oppressive, but one path alone

Was left unguarded, and remain'd for those
Who priz'd their freedom and would slay its foes
They pass the easy gate, they climb the walls,
Oppression totters—and the tyrant falls.
Once more the sons of Liberty regain
Their wonted courage, and are arm'd again !—
But Cæsar's veterans with fury pour
Against great Brutus, on the Grecian shore
But, scarce oppos'd, the hostile camps were seen
Along the coast, a little space between,
When darkness now with sable wings hangs o'er
The eager troops, and overspreads the shore ;
Brutus, alone wrapt up in anxious thought,
A calm retirement from the battle sought :
When (as report declares) a spectre form
Rose from the ground, tremendous as the storm.

Aloft in air he rais'd his giant head,
And cast his eyes around ; Brutus, he said,
“ I am thy evil spirit ; at Phillippi's plain
“ Expect me next.” “ We then shall meet again !”
The Chief replied, undaunted by the sight,
And waited anxious for th' approaching light.

But, now arrives the fatal morn, to bring
Death to brave Brutus, and to Rome a King :
The sun, portentous, on the mountains shed
A bloody tinge, and dy'd the clouds with red :
On either side the soldiers view the sight
With solemn horror, and demand the fight ;
Rous'd by the trumpet, they prepare their arms,
And pant with ardour for the war's alarms,

Waves the dread signal, and the groans arise
Of vanquish'd soldiers, or the victors cries.
Stretch'd on the ground the troops of Cassius lie,
Slain by Octavius, or inglorious fly.
The foes pursue. They toss the flaming brands,
And burn the camps along the sea-beat strands :
The leader views with deeply troubled breast,
His tents all flaming, and his troops oppress'd.
" Alas" cried he, " in this destructive fire
" Does Freedom suffer, and her cause expire.
" Gods ! let me perish on this fatal shore,
" Since Rome is vanquish'd, and her fame no more.
" That men may hence to after ages tell
" That Cassius perish'd when his country fell."
He said, and pierc'd his breast ; the spouting gore
Bursts from the wound, and stains the bloody shore.

Brutus, meanwhile, the adverse troops assail'd,
They fly his fury, and his might prevail'd.
But while fair Conquest dawn'd around his head,
He heard with horror that his friend was dead.
" There," said the Chief, and as he spoke he sigh'd,
" The last and bravest of the Romans dy'd.
" Why did I leave my dear, delightful shade,
" In hopes to save thee, and thy friends to aid,
" Imperial Rome ? alas, I did not know
" That vice could triumph in this world below.
" For thee, I left my native rural air,
" For thee, my studies, and my consort dear,
" Left all my pleasures. What rewards await
" Such virtuous actions but a bitter fate ?
" How were my hopes by foolish fancy buoy'd
" That vice would fall, not Virtue be destroy'd !

" False, fleeting hopes, ne'er destin'd to be true,
" Then welcome, death ! poor, slavish Rome, adieu."
He spoke, and pierc'd his heart ; his body dies,
His soul immortal seeks her kindred skies.

ANALYSIS OF CANTO II.

The effects of Retirement on the Lover ; elucidated by the example of Henry and Emma.—Allusion to the well-known story of Abelard and Eloisa—their manner of passing time.—Description of the despairing Lover, with the example of Orlando, whose madness is so beautifully described by Ariosto, the Italian poet, in his *Orlando Furioso*. Contrary to the opinion of Ovid, Retirement is offered as a cure for disappointed love ; to prove which, the story of Petrarch retiring from Laura, is introduced. The Canto concludes with an apostrophe to Retirement.

ANALYSIS OF CANTO II.

The effect of the first canto on the reader is clear—
 that of the example of Italy and Europe—
 Allusion to the well-known story of Aeschylus and
 Menæceus—the manner of passing time—Description
 of the changing scene, with the example of
 Athens, whose wisdom is so beautifully described
 but to Athens the first point is the Orlando
 romance. Canto II is the second of Canto II. The
 first is the first canto of the Orlando romance.
 The second is the second canto of the Orlando romance.
 The third is the third canto of the Orlando romance.
 The fourth is the fourth canto of the Orlando romance.
 The fifth is the fifth canto of the Orlando romance.
 The sixth is the sixth canto of the Orlando romance.
 The seventh is the seventh canto of the Orlando romance.
 The eighth is the eighth canto of the Orlando romance.
 The ninth is the ninth canto of the Orlando romance.
 The tenth is the tenth canto of the Orlando romance.

THE
PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

CANTO II.

Thy haunts, Retirement, and thy peaceful shade,
Are doubly grateful to the beauteous maid
With love imprest; and please the youth, whose heart
The son of Venus with a golden dart
Has wounded deep: his mind enraptur'd there
Hangs o'er the image of his much lov'd fair.
No thirst of gain, no passions intervene
To check his transports, or disturb the scene:

Sweet are his thoughts ; for in the humble cell
By worldly objects unemploy'd they dwell
(Heighten'd by nature and the verdant groves)
With double rapture on the fair he loves.

'Gainst the green grott with pleasure does he lean
Where Emma's presence had endear'd the scene.

" Here, said he, (well I recollect the hour)

" Here Emma seated in this shady bow'r,

" Heard my fond tale of love. The flow'ry race

" Grew round the Arbour and perfum'd the place ;

" I pluckt the choicest violet (for I knew

" Her fav'rite colour was a lovely blue)

" The flow'r presenting, much I trembled while

" My gift she notic'd with a gracious smile.

" Her smiles soft thrilling through my ardent veins,

" Restor'd my courage and reliev'd my pains.

- “ Behold, said I, how bounteous nature pours
“ A rich profusion *for these happy shores!*
“ Hark, how the lively birds around us sing,
“ And hail the prospect of returning Spring;
“ From yonder poplar hear the cooing dove
“ Court his lov'd mate, and woo her soul to love.
“ The Fates (and much their gifts I prize) have shed
“ Unnumber'd blessings on my happy head.
“ Far as the eye can reach, the fields are mine,
“ Whole flocks of lambkins, and whole herds of kine.
“ But, as the father of the world, when blest
“ In peaceful dwellings, where immortals rest;
“ Still in his bosom found a void unknown,
“ Till Eve, to love him and his bliss to crown,
“ Jehovah form'd. Thus, without thee, my fair,
“ My plains deserted and forlorn appear.

" Then, dearest Emma, since my heart is thine,

" Complete my bliss and let thy hand be mine.

" I ceas'd. The Gods alone are fit to hear

" The charming accents of my beauteous fair !

" How was I blest such heart-felt joys amid !

" When blushing Emma in my bosom hid

" Her deep-ting'd face : All-gracious there confest

" The love she foster'd in her glowing breast,

" Consented to be mine next harvest home,

" Pass swift, ye days, and let the harvest come.

" Frown not, ye proud ones, on her humble state,

" Small is her fortune—but her virtues great.

" What though no slaves in livery'd pomp prepare

" With hireling duty her commands to bear,

" What, though no vain desires assail her breast,

" Nor purple glitters on her flowing vest ?

“ That sun, which gilds the stately poplar, throws

“ An equal lustre on the village rose.”

In haunts like these, with Abelard content,

Her joyful time fair Eloisa spent.

There does she, happy, as she walks along

The murmuring rivulet, or the woods among,

Hang on his arm; and smiling in his face,

The sweet emotions of her lover trace.

At dawn, awaken'd by the lark's sweet lays

They rise, and rising, their Creator praise.

Thanks be to thee, Almighty God of all,

Guardian of good, by whom the guilty fall,

Thanks be to Thee for all thy blessings sent,

This valued cottage where resides content !

These plains extending through the wide campaign,
And fields now covered with the ripening grain ;
But let not, Lord, thy grateful servants prove
Of Thee unworthy, or neglect thy love !
Oh let the virtuous and the needy share
Those gifts thou grantest to our earnest pray'r !
Thus they th' effusions of their bosom pour
To great Jehovah, and his pow'r adore.

They next proceed with philanthropic zeal,
To aid the needy and the sick to heal ;
(Delightful Pair, whose peace-imparting breath
Expels all anguish from the bed of death)
Pleas'd, as they pass, the grateful rustic now
Salutes the lovers with a clownish bow.

To show their love, the artless children seize
Their flowing garments, or embrace their knees;
Although the father on the prattlers frown'd,
Or chid their freedom as they play'd around.
Content they enter at the cottage door,
Amidst the blessings of the numerous poor.
There, free from envy or ambitious strife,
Blest with each other, pass a happy life!
They aid the poor, or read amid the bow'rs,
While love and duty claim alternate hours:

Hapless his lot! on whom no charmer smiles,
No love awakens, and no hope beguiles.
Sad are his days by Fates condemn'd to prove
The frowns of beauty, and the pangs of love.

For him, his mistress' air and noble mein
But form new tortures and increase his pain ;
For him, no sweetness with alluring grace
In smiling dimples sport around her face ;
For him, no sparkling eyes with pleasure gleam,
Nor flowing ringlets on her shoulders stream.
That beauty which dispenses bliss around,
With rankling venom, but inflames his wound.
How will he storm, to view her scornful eyes
Neglect his passion, and his love despise !
To see some rival with encircling arms,
Clasp his fond fair one, and enjoy her charms !
His brain with fever burns ; his eye-balls roll
With rage expressive of his frantic soul.
Such, mad Orlando, was thy ill-starr'd lot,
Thyself neglected, and thy love forgot.

The swains, ill-fated, from the mountain's brow
Hurl'd by thy force amid the plains below ;
And timid wild-beasts with a rapid flight,
Rush through the forests and confess thy might.

Ah ! wretched man, whom Fates have doom'd to mourn
A hopeless passion, and a mistress' scorn,
What, but thy charmer's love avails to cheer
Thy maddening sorrow or dispel thy care ?
Does there no hope, no comfort else remain
To soothe thy anguish, and relieve thy pain ?
There does. Go, seek the peace-imparting shade,
The wood-bin'd cottage and th' embowering glade ;
There learn, retired from thy charmer's view,
To rule thy passions and thyself subdue.

The rural plain, the silent groves impart
A soothing pleasure to the troubled heart.
As hapless he, who, when he hopes to find
His love requited, and his mistress kind,
Perceives some fate, too cruel, intervene
To cross his love, to change the grateful scene !

Some tyrant father, whose penurious mind
In nought but wealth can any pleasure find ;
Whose crowded chest with glittering jewels shines,
Or added treasure of Peruvian mines !
On gold his thoughts, on gold his wishes rest,
Gold the chief pleasure of his sordid breast.
For this, penurious, from his mistress dear,
He parts the lover and condemns the fair

To long confinement ; there her tears but flow,
To mourn his absence and lament her woe.
There does she pass, a prey to stern Despair,
Her days in sorrow, and her nights in care.
He trusts hard usage there his child might move
To spurn her Henry, and forget to love.
How vain the task ! for nought but reason finds
A lasting empire over virtuous minds.

Some jealous husband, to whose brutish bed
Condemn'd, a charmer finds each pleasure fled :
Vain are her sighs, unhappy, she compares
Her past enjoyment, with her present cares :
With grief remembers, when an artless maid
She walk'd the grove, or through the meadow stray'd ;

There did a loving youth her time beguile,
With mark'd attention and awake each smile ;
But, though the rising wish her soul may move,
To view the darling of her virgin love,
With love, with honor, and distraction fraught,
The wish she crushes, and she checks the thought.
But him, unconscious of her glowing charms,
No love enlivens, and no rapture warms ;
Like the rough Indian, whose unpolish'd hands
Find a rich jewel on the Eastern sands,
At first, well pleas'd, the shining gem surveys
Its matchless splendor, and reflected rays ;
At length, neglectful, with disdainful eye,
He spurns the prize, and throws the treasure by.

Meanwhile, no hope can soothe the lover's grief,
His sorrows calm, or give his mind relief;
Through rural beauties he delights to rove,
The rural beauties form a cure for love.
Thus, Youthful Petrarch, from the world retir'd,
With boundless virtue, and with honor fir'd,
Leaving his Laura (arduous task !) o'ercame
The stern dominion of his ill-starr'd flame.

Hail ! blest Retirement ! whose imperious sway
Each lawless passion, and each vice obey ;
Long o'er the world thy grateful rule extend,
The guard of virtue, of mankind the friend !

ANALYSIS OF CANTO III.

The Merchant, Sailor, &c. labour to obtain a retirement in advancing age. Allusion to Greenwich Hospital. Picture of the virtuous man passing through the various stages of a public life—In the character of a Patriot—Of a Soldier. Reflections on the mutability of the people; illustrated by the example of Camillus, the Roman General. The virtuous man in the character of an Admiral—of an Orator. Apostrophe to the young and inexperienced, advising them to consult the aged. Their opinion of the world—Advice to youth, that, while avoiding the temptations and snares

of the world, they should not run into the opposite extreme of total seclusion from society. Fatal effects of Superstition; which introduces the episode of Henry and Matilda. Moral reflections. The Poem concludes with an exhortation to Virtue.

THE
PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

CANTO III.

Why does the soldier, from his home afar,
Tempt the rude dangers of the sanguine war ?
Why does the merchant send his vessels o'er
The seas of Europe to the Indian shore ?
Watch the rich fleet, which bears with fortune's smiles
Peruvian treasures to the British isles ?
Why does the miser for his darling wealth,
His life endanger, and destroy his health ?

In hopes his labours and his toil engage

A calm retirement for declining age.

For this, the British Tar, alert and brave,

The storm despises, and defies the wave.

He knows his country for her sons prepares,

To bless the aged, and relieve their cares :

He knows a palace stands, where father Thames

Rolls the strong current of his silver streams.

Hail, grateful Albion ! whose propitious laws

Reward the patriot who defends thy cause !

Long be thou just, and let thy warriors claim

In age a refuge, and in youth a name.

Behold ! the virtuous man with toiling strife,

Pass through the mazes of uncertain life.

The walk, the thicket, and the plain he tries,
The haunts of virtue, or retreats of vice ;
Oft does he find the modest glow-worm light
Of merit darken'd, or oppress'd by might ;
That knowledge often, and that wisdom sleeps,
While serpent Vice amid the garden creeps,
And taints the flowers as it glides along,
The shrubs luxurious or the plants among.
What toils ! what evils ! does his virtue bear,
Oppress'd by fortune, but above despair.

Perhaps a Patriot, in his country's cause,
He dares corruption, and defends her laws !
In spite of pow'r, in lawless tyrants spite,
He guards the people, and protects their right !

The ruling Despot views with jealous eyes
His deeds are virtuous and his counsels wise !
When power threatens, and when danger's nigh,
The faithless people from their guardian fly !
Too late, regardless of the world, the sage
Now falls a victim to the tyrant's rage.

Perhaps a Soldier on th' embattled plain,
He stands the foremost in the warrior train !
His steps should triumph through the battle lead,
Or wave her banners o'er the hero's head,
The croud inconstant on their joys awhile,
With fond attachment on their leader smile :
But soon, intent on other thoughts, they slight
His fame in battle and his deeds in fight.

As, when (while winter's hoary frost congeals
The rain descending on the whiten'd fields)
The swain returning to his cottage now,
Imprints his footsteps on the falling snow ;
The snow, still falling, through the æther glides,
Destroys each footstep, and each vestige hides ;
Thus, from the people novel sights efface,
Each deed now past, each once remember'd grace.

How false ! how faithless ! are the senseless croud,
In hatred now, and now in praises loud ;
Nor has the tempest nor th' inconstant winds
More frequent changes than their fickle minds.
Hapless is he, whose dubious bliss depends
On hopes so wavering, such uncertain friends !

Behold him now their gracious fav'rite rise,

He now, deserted, from his country flies !

Thus, brave Camillus, did ungrateful Rome

Expel thee, banish'd from thy much-lov'd home ;

What did thy conquests o'er the foe obtain ?

A dwelling distant from thy native plain :

What did thy wounds among the hostile band ?

Ah ! wounds inflicted by thy country's hand.

These honors from the croud, these ills await

Those bravely virtuous, or exceeding great.

Perhaps, on warring ships he dares to leap,

And tempts the dangers of the stormy deep ;

Bold in his country's cause, the tempest braves,

And rolls her thunder o'er the liquid waves :

Should his bold fleet with fav'ring fortune crown'd,
Urge hostile vessels through the vast profound,
If Gaul's proud navy, flying, vanquish'd, falls
Beneath the thunder of our wooden walls,
What praise, what glory shall the hero gain ?
What joys await him on his native plain ?
The transient favors of a wavering croud,
Reward the chief in conscious virtue proud.
But should (oh may the world-directing pow'r
Forbid the evil, and avert the hour)
Ah ! should the foe with force superior claim
The palm of conquest, and reward of fame,
Like unripe corn beneath the reaper's hand,
He falls, the victim of his native land.
Should he not fall, he's ill-starr'd doom'd to bear,
The smile contemptuous or disdainful sneer,

A loath'd existence to the silent tomb
Will urge his footsteps, and his days consume ;
Such scorn, such ills, such miseries await
The virtuous, labouring under adverse fate !

Perhaps, of Virtue's cause the certain trust,
He guards the wretched, and protects the just ;
Of injured merit pleads the suffering cause,
The chief protector of his country's laws.
Should crouded courts and listening people hang
With admiration on his bold harangue,
If, from the bar he pleads, and pleading rolls
Persuasion's mildness o'er their untought souls,
Or mingles aptly in his moving piece
The fire of Tully, and the strength of Greece,

Should gathering virtues in his bosom meet,
And Envy's arrows fall beneath his feet,
Some tyrant's shaft will surely pierce his side,
Thus fell the Grecian, thus the Roman dy'd.

Thus in the world the man of virtue strives,
Impell'd promiscuous as the tempest drives.
As, when the winds their stormy fury roll
O'er heaving billows from the Northern pole,
And through the deep the yielding vessel hurl;
Their shatter'd sails the skilful seamen furl,
Now here they run, now here they haste, to keep
Their tottering vessel from the yawning deep,
Till o'er the surface of the foaming seas
An harbour opens to their eager gaze;

They hail the land, they pass with transports through
The wish'd-for haven which appears in view.
Thus, does the virtuous man, expecting, wait
With equal pleasure for that happy state,
When far retiring from the public noise,
The world he quits, and all its transient joys.

Take heed, ye youths, be timely wise, and hear
The words of reason, with a willing ear;
Attentive hear, and learn those maxims well,
Which wisdom dictates, and the aged tell.
'Tis ours, to treat with reverent awe the sage,
And mark the lessons of instructive age.
Experienc'd judgment, passion-free, is theirs,
Extent of knowledge, and the weight of years.

We, void of thought, by passion urg'd along,
Rash in our judgment, in opinion wrong,
Would, undefining, miss the dubious gate
Which leads to glory's or to virtue's seat,
Did not the aged, in experience wise,
Avert our danger, and our steps advise.
"The world," say they, "the world deceitful wears
"A face of pleasure, but a heart of cares,
"Ye generous youths, who tread the soil, beware
"The smooth-tongued villain, and the harlot's snare;
"Oh shun the syren, nor to pleasure yield;
"A deadly snake is in the grass conceal'd.
"Let not ambition tempt thy dazzled sight,
"Sure danger hovers o'er her tow'ry height;
"And thou (when dreaming no destruction nigh)
"May'st fall like Tarquin, or like Cæsar die!

- " But rather flying from the crouded towns,
" Of courts the splendor or the pomp of crowns ;
" With learned friends, and choice companions, hail
" The sweeter pleasures of the rural vale.
" There shall rich Plenty's loaded hands prepare
" The varied presents of the rolling year ;
" On thee her influence shall Contentment send,
" And rugged Labour on thy steps attend.
" To her own glooms discordant strife expel
" To realms of darkness or the gates of hell.
" Let meek-eyed Peace around thy cottage rove,
" And Pity gentle as the turtle dove.
" But oh, cease not, cease not, blest man, to raise
" Thy voice with rapture to Jehovah's praise !
" For know, those fruitful plains, those herds of kine,
" Those numerous blessings are not truly thine,

- “ Not thine ; but trusted to thine hand, that thou
“ On suffering virtue may thy gifts bestow.
“ Then, not to thee, shall bloated Envy yell
“ Her direful barkings, or with venom swell ;
“ Nor vile Hypocrisy her snares extend,
“ Nor luring Flatt’ry to thy failings bend :
“ Free from those passions which disturb mankind,
“ No vicious struggles shall distract thy mind ;
“ Joyful shall be thy days, thy sweet repose
“ Soft as the Zephyrs or the morning dews.
“ Then, shall thy lives, thy happy lives, be then
“ As pure, as guiltless, as the first of men.”

These are the maxims and the warnings these,
Which age advises and experience sees.

But oh, when striving to avoid those strands,
Beware, ye rush not on the adverse sands ;
Far, far, remov'd is such a happy life
From monkish horror, and fanatic strife.
In thee, Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, we trust,
Thy works are awful, and thy ways are just !
Nor can thy creature, earth-begotten man,
Judge of thy actions, or thy wisdom scan.
For some great purpose did this darkness reign,
Some purpose hidden from the human brain.
But now, thy light with double lustre shines,
Now fall fanatics and their sway declines :
Injurious priests no more the people fleece,
And warring nations may be leagued in peace.

Great are the ills which furious zealots bring;

Great are the evils which from cloisters spring.

But 'mong the wretches who have perish'd there,

Th' unpitied victims of a sad despair,

Permit not, Muse, a virtuous pair to fall

A prey to all-consuming age. Recall

Their spotless fame from superstition's gloom,

Too long descended to the silent tomb!

In southern France, where fertile Nature pours

A rich profusion from her inmost stores,

There stood a mountain on the Northern side

In height stupendous, and in circuit wide;

Beneath a vale, where Spring eternal rul'd,

Warm'd by the sun, and by the zephyrs cool'd,

Delicious fountains from the neighbouring hills,
Harmonious trickled in meandring rills.
The scented citrons grateful arbours made,
And pliant wood-bines form'd a ready shade.
In untill'd plains around, spontaneous grew,
The beauteous lily and the violet blue,
Through the whole year the verdant orange blows,
The blooming hyacinth and blushing rose.
In this sweet spot, in his delightful place,
Matilda, fairest of the female race,
Dwelt in a villa on her native grounds,
Remov'd and distant from the noise of towns.
Content, and conscious of her bliss, the maid
Preferr'd the pleasures of the rural shade,
Priz'd her own woods above the joys, which wait
On guilty cities, or imperial state.

To that dear valley were her thoughts confin'd,
There hung her wishes, and there dwelt her mind,
For there, resided near her native plains,
Henry, the bravest of the village swains.
His was each noble virtue that could grace
Or add new lustre to the manly race.
Could such a pair, each other view, unmov'd ?
Too soon they saw, too soon they dearly lov'd.
Unhappy love ! from thence the fates decreed
Their hearts to suffer and their breasts to bleed !
(For oh, when oft our beating bosoms glow
With heart-felt pleasure, are we check'd by woe).

A sainted bigot was Matilda's sire,
A zealot burning with religious fire ;

Long had he wish'd before he reach'd the tomb,
To fix his daughter in a convent's gloom.
Wretch ! not to know that what thou hast design'd,
Is curst by God, and hateful to mankind !
In vain his child, to his averted ear,
With painful anguish thus address her prayer :—
“ Beware, my father, lest thy daughter fall
“ A wretched victim to a cloister's wall ;
“ Blest am I now ; for what I hold most dear,
“ Dwells in this spot, and is concentr'd here.
“ Then, oh my sire, thy dreadful purpose wave,
“ Nor doom thy daughter to an early grave ;
“ For sure a hermit's life, a convent's gloom,
“ Would soon consign me to the darksome tomb !”

Thus spoke Matilda, with distraction wild,
And thus, the father, "Go, depart, my child,
" (For well I know, I know, oh dire disgrace,
" Thy thoughts are centered in another place)
" Prepare for other worlds, and learn the road
" Which led thy Saviour to his parent God !"
He spoke ; and firm in his design remains,
Her folly pities, and laments her pains.

Now to the convent grate, Matilda flew,
To bid her Henry, and the world, adieu !
But ah ! what strains, what language can express
The painful struggles in each lover's breast
When the barr'd gate, Matilda gazing through,
Saw her lov'd Henry now appear in view :

She falls, unable to support the shock,
Pale as the snow, and frigid as the rock.

The frantic Henry to the mountains flies,
Weeps to the cliffs, and to the tempest sighs !
There, hid from men, with maddening grief complains,
Of lost Matilda, and her lover's pains.

Calls lov'd Matilda from the rocks around,
Matilda's name, the hollow rocks rebound,
The youth, with transport, listens to the sound. }

The grieving Nuns attend the fainting fair,
With sad attention, and with pious care.

In vain their task ; for through her vital frame,
A burning fever shot its livid flame ;
No care avails her dying form to save,
She sinks untimely to an early grave.

From a tall cliff (beneath whose rugged brow
The tempest rag'd amid the waves below)
Her solemn dirge, sad sounding from the vale,
And slowly wafted on the rising gale,
Young Henry heard, and starting at the sound,
He leapt impetuous in the vast profound !
The waves o'erwhelm him, and with horrid roar,
Dash his dead corpse against the sea-beat shore.

Be timely warn'd, ye generous youths, nor feel
The dread effects of superstitious zeal,
Avoid its rocks. But if by fortune hurl'd
Amid the vices of a wretched world,
Be truly good, in spite of erring fools,
Whom vice allures, and dissipation rules.

Oh learn what charms from conscious virtue flow,
Which guilt ne'er feels nor guilty wretches know.
Seek honor's path, like virtuous Cato great,
A godlike hero in a falling state.
Like his, thy fame above the clouds may soar,
And reign immortal, when thou art no more!
Bright as the stars, or as the sun sublime,
Unhurt by age, and unobscur'd by time!

26 MR 59

FINIS.

NOTES.



NOTES.

Page 6 line 1. Cincinnatus.

Page 8 line 1. I have inserted the interview of
Curius Dentatus with the Samnite Ambassadors.—
It gives me not a little pleasure to find that Heroes of
so great worth and estimation in antiquity, seem to
have sanctioned by their example, that retirement,
which is the subject of the Poem.

Page 10 line 3. From a contemplation of these
characters, I was naturally led to consider the beneficial
effects of their behaviour to the state, and the evils
that might result from a contrary line of conduct.
Induced by this train of ideas, Julius Cæsar occurred

to me as a good contrast to his illustrious progenitors; this brought on a slight account of the civil wars, and of Pompey, who was then retired from the fatigues of a public life.

Page 13 line 6. The love of Retirement is too conspicuous in Cato, to be passed over in silence, and these words of Addison (in his excellent tragedy of that name) too remarkable not to deserve attention.

“When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,

“The post of honor is a private station.”

I hope, the allusion to that passage, in these lines, will not subject me to the charge of plagiarism.

When virtue strive against the bad in vain,

The post of honor is the rural plain.

Page 11 line 21. The classical reader, on perusing these verses, will most probably call to mind that beautiful

passage in Virgil; where, speaking of the death of Priam, he says

———Jacet ingens littore truncus,
Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.

Page 19 line 2. The appearance of the evil spirit to Brutus, was a great proof to Plutarch, that Cæsar's death was displeasing to the Gods!

Page 21 line 6. Brutus, says Plutarch, in his despair, called him (Cassius) the last of the Romans.

passage. Virgil's name, appearing at the death of

Ennius, is not only in the text, but in the margin.

It is to be noted that Ennius is not only in the text, but in the margin.

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ADDRESSED to THOMAS CAMPBELL,

*Author of a much admired Poem, entitled "The PLEASURES
of HOPE," about to leave his Native Country.*

Ascend, my friend, ascend (since cruel Fate denies
Thy presence here) ascend the waiting bark.
In conscious worth and honor bold, go, brave
The warring elements or wrath of man,
Of man, so prone fair Virtue's fruit to crush,
Or nip the rose of Genius in its bud.
Be good, be wise, nor let the slavish forms
Of foreign nations taint thy youthful mind;
Be brave amidst the dastard eroud, be thou
A glorious freeman 'midst a host of slaves,

Fear not, the force of Ocean's troubled flood.
What though the tempest thunders through the air !
Thy verse, more sweet than Orpheus' lyre shall soothe
The jarring winds sedate and hush'd, to hear
Thy much-lov'd verse ; dolphins shall sport around
Thy bark with inoffensive joy, huge sharks
Unwieldy sea-calves, deeply-listening whales,
And all the scaly monsters of the main.
Pleas'd with the sound, the waves shall hush in peace,
And sweet-breath'd Zephyrs gently play around.
But for the fear of stopping thee, the stars
Would start immediate from their shining spheres,
And universal Nature flock to hear
Thy voice. What though the iron hand of pow'r,
Or tyrant's arm, should aim the death-fraught dart
Against thy life ! think you that he who rules

The sky, the ocean, and this earthly globe

Th' Almighty would allow a crime so great ?

Forbid it Nature, and forbid it man !

In worth shalt thou conspicuous shine, and be

A glorious sun amidst the lesser stars.

The bark's unmoor'd. Think, when through distant climes

You pass, on one who lov'd thee much, Oh think

On me. Farewell, my friend, a long farewell.

RINALDO the Brave, and EMMA the Fair,

A Tale of ancient Times.

When Henry together his forces had call'd
The war against Gallia to wage,
France view'd his designs and endeavours appall'd,
Her armies she strengthen'd, her cities she wall'd,
And quickly prepar'd to engage.

Rinaldo the brave then hasten'd to Clair,
Of love on the pinions he flew
His farewell to take of sweet Emma the fair,
To lament his hard fate, his love to declare,
And sighing to bid an adieu.

And now Emma's cottage the warrior was nigh,
When nimbly to meet him she ran ;

He met her embrace, with a heart-rending sigh,
The tear that was falling he wip'd from his eye,

And mournfully, thus he began :

" Alas ! my dear Emma, stern honor demands

" From hence I should hasten, and go

" To join the young King who our army commands,

" To humble proud France, to conquer her lands,

" And victors return from the foe."

" Ah, why wilt thou go ? the fair one reply'd,

" And leave thy poor Emma alone ;

" Thou art only mine, and I'll ne'er be a bride

" To any but thee. She embrac'd him and cry'd,

" Still, still will I love thee though gone."

Then slow from her bosom a picture she drew,

A gift round his neck to be bound;

The lovers they swear to be constant and true,

Her faltering tongue could scarce murmur adieu,

While fondly he clasp'd her around.

While thus they embrace, the hour quick flies,

The fields they are cover'd with dew,

Their hearts are near broke, and unceasing their sighs,

Grief fetters their tongues, and alone with their eyes,

To each other they bade an adieu.

The Chief then departed the forces to join,

Ere they could embark from the shore,

When far from the cottage he oft look'd behind,

Though absent, the fair one still dwelt on his mind,

While slowly he travers'd the moor.

But after the war, a twelvemonth and more,

There settled a tyrant in Clair ;

Terrific his figure, he harrass'd the poor,

The aged and needy he drove from his door,

And hated the children of care.

He saw the fair Emma, he gaz'd, he admir'd

The charms that her beauty display'd ;

By love so enraptur'd, by passion so fir'd,

In villainy harden'd, some ruffians he hir'd

To carry the virgin away.

In the mid of the night his ends to obtain,

The tyrant breaks open the door ;

He seizes the maiden, imploring in vain,

And mounting his courser, scuds over the plain,

Attended by Muley the Moor.

And now had the morning expell'd from the sky

The stars and the darkness of night,

When lo, on the heath, at a distance they spy

A warrior, the tyrant unwilling to fly,

Undauntedly waited the fight.

Oh save me, Rinaldo, said Emma the fair,

And scarce had she utter'd the words,

When furious the chiefs engage in a war,

Each armour is shatter'd, and broken each spear,

They fiercely attack with their swords.

Fair Virtue beheld from heaven the sight,

And swiftly descending below,

With courage immortal, she strengthen'd her knight,

Rinaldo prevail'd by the goddess' might,

And conquest sat plum'd on his brow.

78 RINALDO THE BRAVE, AND EMMA THE FAIR.

The fair one return'd to the village of Clair

To join with her lover her hands ;

The priests at the altar the marriage declare,

Of Rinaldo the brave and Emma the fair,

The people re-echo the banns.

.....

Inque saltem
 Occupat talia esse tempus
 Iamque agnoscit Negligens insula
 Examine est qui vivit agno potens

Cella Germana.
Dum puella haec in puerique circum
Conjugum carum circumspicit aedem
Semper illi hoc signum amant.

ODE in Otia Ruris.

Faustus est qui vivit agro paterno et
Lene spirantes Zephyros inhalat,
Occupat tellus ubi suave tempus,
Datque salutem.

Semper illi horæ fugiunt amænæ,
Conjugem caram vehementer ardet,
Dum puellæ hærent puerique circum
Colla genuque.

Principum fastus, populique clamor,
Invidus livor, scelerisve crimen,
Pectus haud unquam placidum premunt Vir-
-tutis amicus.

ODE on the Pleasures of the Country.

Happy the man, who void of care
Contented breathes the rural air,
Where exercise and wholesome fare
Promote his health.

Serenely gay his hours glide,
His thoughts concentrate on his bride,
While ruddy children by his side,
Form all his wealth.

Nor Envy, nor ambitious fears
Assail his unsuspecting ears,
Of courts and kings he seldom hears,
And knows not vice.

Proximis carus. Comitata pace,
Copia obducit dapibusque mensam,
Ipse eget paucis, parat omne tellus
Quod caret ille.

Cumque tellurem supereminet nox,
Ille securus thalamo quiescit
Illi enim expers est sceleris cor, et mens
Conscia recti.

Lustrat agros mane novo, reditque,
Hespero labente ubi cara conjux
Anxie expectat dominum; rosa expers
Sentibus ullis.

Belov'd by all who live around,
His board with peace and plenty crown'd,
Few are his wants ; and those his ground
With ease supplies.

By virtuous actions rendered blest,
And well-spent time ; a balmy rest
Attends his pillow. Quite refresh'd
He hails the morn.

And then to view his lands he goes,
At eve returns to where he knows
His spouse awaits her lord ; a rose
Without a thorn.

Heard by all who live around,
The sound with peace and plenty crown'd,
For me it means, that there his ground
Will ever flourish.

By various actions rendered light,
And well spent time, a happy lot,
Abundant in the field, O'er the rich soil,
He walks the more.

And then to show his lands he goes,
And to return to what he knows,
His spouse awaits him, a rose,
Without a tear.

TRANSLATED from the PERSIC of HAFIZ.

Or rather from the French of Sir Wm. JONES.

Hail, Chiraz, hail, delightful town,

And may the heav'nly pow'rs

Thy hopes with peace and plenty crown,

And ne'er destroy thy tow'rs.

And, Rocknabad, preserve thy source,

Whose waters roll among

The woods, the mountains, and the course

Of Kedher's life prolong.

Geofrabad, with balmy gales

Thy scented valleys glow ;

And Zephyrs gay perfume the dales

Of sweet Mosella too.

To Chiraz, hasten, fly, oh wind,

Implore the people there,

Angels above are not more kind,

Or Houris' forms more fair.

The lips whene'er the stranger meets

Of girls who flourish here,

He boasts no more of Egypt's sweets,

But owns them sweeter far.

Oh gentle Zephyrs of the Spring,

Ye pass'd my mistress' door ;

Then say, oh say, what news you bring

From her whom I adore.

Disturb me not for Heaven's sake,

For when asleep I lay

Her form appears : but when awake,

The vision melts away.

My heart, if e'er thy blood to flow

My best belov'd desires,

To her my unfeign'd passion show,

And prove my ardent fires.

Thou knowest, my blood as freely flows
 For her thou lovest best ;
 As mothers give their milk to those
 Who hang upon their breast.

Since thou dost, Hafiz, so much fear
 And mourn the fatal time
 That forces thee to leave thy dear
 And seek another clime,

Why dost thou not return thy praise
 To those who rule above ;
 And bless those days, those happy days,
 That crown'd thy blissful love ?

HORATIUS. LIB. II. OD. 10.

Omnia divos regat imperantibus omnia
Fecimus. Agros, armenta, pecora, domos
Constitit humanis, neque tanta potentia
Sidera nulla.

Omnia bello finem, Iphigeneia, tuum
Omnia bellum, Iphigeneia, tuum
Gloria: non sumus, neque sumus, omnia
— nam, nam, nam, nam, nam, nam, nam, nam.

HORATIUS. Liber 2. Ode 16.

Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.

Otium bello furiosa Thrace
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori
Grosphæ ; non gemmis neque purpurâ ve-
—nale nec auro :

HORACE. Book 2. Ode 16.

To heav'n the sailor prays for ease
Surpriz'd by storms amid the seas,
When stars are dim and Luna's rays
By clouds are hid.

His want of ease the Thracian knows,
And Parthians graceful with their bows,
Which neither gold nor vest bestows
Rich courts amid.

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet licitor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in aulâ tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa ? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus ? patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit ?

Gems, nor imperial dignity
The guilty mind from cares can free,
Or gnawing griefs which still will fly
Our homes around.

Happy is he who spends I say
With food and clothes enough his day ;
Nor fear nor lust can take away
His sleep profound.

Say, why do we with pleasure scan
This life no longer than a span ?
Or leave our homes ? What banish'd man
Himself can fly ?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura, nec turmas equitum relinquit
Ociore cervis et agente nimbos
Ociore Euro.

Lætus in prasens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem :
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus :
Et mihi forsân, tibi quod negarit
Porriget hora.

The brazen ships are clim'd by care
Which e'en a troop of warriors fear,
Fleeter than tempests or the deer
Of Lapland's sky.

We with the present are at rest,
The sorrows of our life are mixt
With smiles ; for no one can be blest
On every side.

Death had Achilles in his pow'r,
Tithon at length, by age grew sour,
I may perhaps enjoy the hour
To thee deny'd.

Te greges centum Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccae ; tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa ; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ.

Vestiunt lanæ ; mihi parva rura et
Spiritus Grajæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

The car and mettled steed are thine,
For thee are fed the lowing kine,
Phænician garments, round thee shine,
And make thee proud.

Indulgent Fate to me allows
A humble farm and Grecian muse ;
Content with these, I nobly chuse
To spurn the croud.

HORATIUS. Liber 3. Ode 9.

HORATIUS.

Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior bracchia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat ;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen ;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORAT.

Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
Dulcis docta modos et citharæ sciens :
Pro quâ non metuam mori
Si parcent puero fata superstiti

HORACE. Book 3. Ode 9.

HORACE.

When lov'd by thee I'm truly blest
While round thy neck my arms I fling
Clasping fair Lydia to my breast
I envy not the Persian King.

LYDIA.

When I alone thy heart could claim,
Ere Chloe could thy love divide,
I envy'd not the loveliest dame,
And car'd not for the world beside.

HORACE.

For Thracian Chloe now I sigh
So sweet the well tun'd harp she play'd ;
Nor would I fear for her to die
If fate preserve my darling maid.

LYDIA

Me torret face mutuâ

Thurini Calais filius Ornithi :

Pro quâ bis patiar mori,

Si parcent puero fata superstite.

HORAT.

Quod si prisca redit Venus,

Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo ?

Si flava excutitur Chloe,

Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

LYDIA

Quanquam sidere pulchrior

Ille est ; tu levior cortice, et improbo

Iracundior, Adriâ :

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

LYDIA.

For old Ornithus' son I sigh,
He is my love, my only joy,
And twice for him I'd gladly die
If fate preserve my darling boy

HORACE

But should my former love return ?
" What if I break this novel chain ?
Should Chloe be repuls'd with scorn
And Lydia be receiv'd again ?

LYDIA

Although the youth were twice more bright
Than spangling stars, which deck the sky,
And thou than fickle air more light,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

LYDIA

For old Orsinius, son I sigh, whom I once loved.

He is my love, my only love, my only joy.

And twice for him I'd gladly die.

If fate preserve my darling boy, I'll love him still.

HORACE

But should my former love return?

What if I break this novel chain?

Should Orsinius repeat his vows with me again?

And Lydia be wedd'd again?

LYDIA

Although the youth were twice more bright

Than sparkling stars, which deck the sky,

And then thro' his air more light

With thee to live, with thee I'd die.

TRANSLATED from the MEDEA of SENECA.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Though whirlwinds sweep the delug'd plain

The rage of tempests or of rain

Exceeds not her's who hates the man

She lov'd before.

Not when the south-winds loud and hoarse

Encrease the streams or Danube's force

Beats down huge bridges in it's course

Along the shore.

Not when the Rhone through Gallia goes,
Or summer's solstice melts the snows
Of Hæmus, who impetuous flows
His banks above.

For love inflam'd by deadly rage
No strength can tame, no force assuage;
Against the king it dares to wage
An impious war.

Oh may, ye Gods, your anger cease!
Spare him who first did tempt the seas,
We strive, O Neptune, to appease
Thy wrath though just.

END.

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